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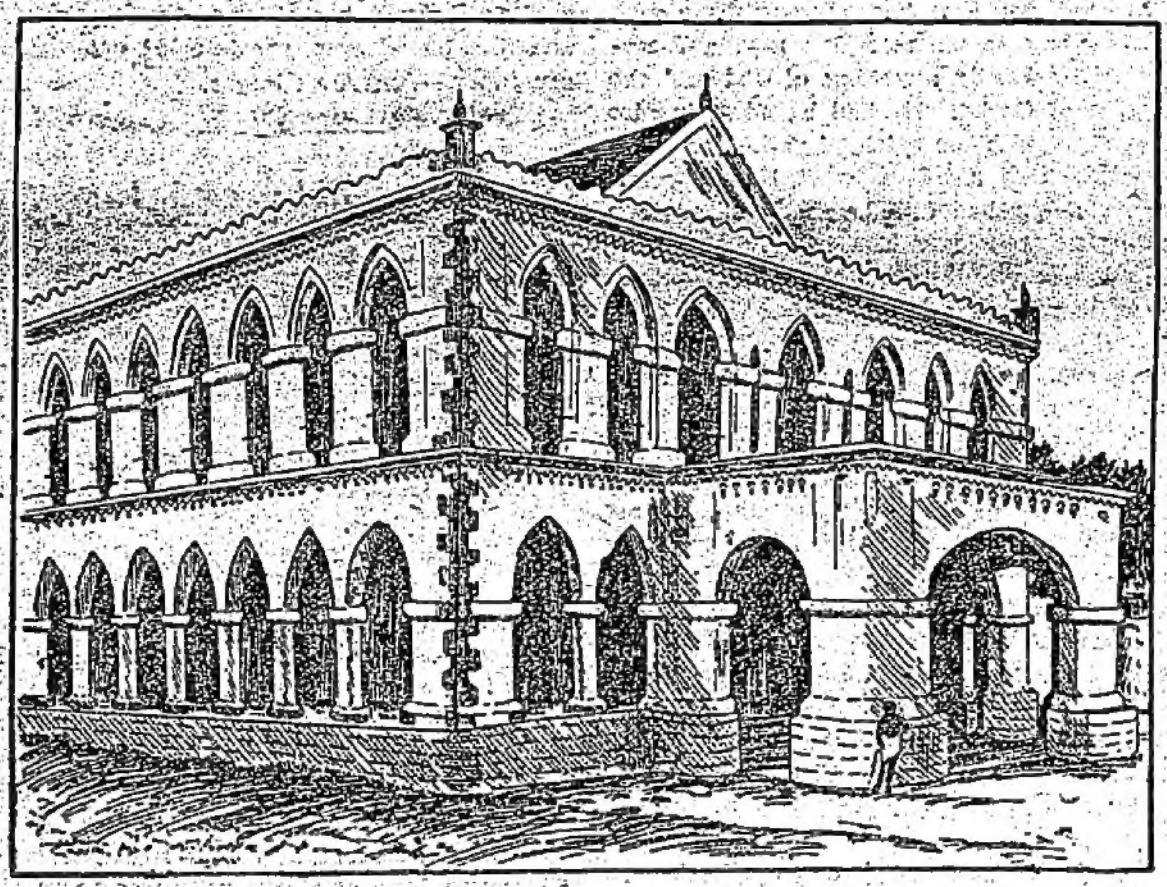
American Medical Missionary Work in Madura, India.

In the land of India, where many fatal diseases flourish, and which is the nursery of epidemics and the home of cholera, it is not unnatural that missionaries should have been led to establish hospitals and dispensaries for the relief of the sick and suffering living about them. The American Board planted a mission in Madura, South India, in 1835, and from the beginning this mission has devoted much attention to the work of medical relief. Among the doctors who have gone out to Madura as medical missionaries stand the honored names of Steele, Lord, and Palmer—the last a brother of Senator Palmer, of Illinois.

At Dindigul, also, a station of the Madura mission, the veteran medical missionary Dr. Chester, has for more than thirty-five years successfully devoted his time to this department of missionary work. The medical work carried on by this mission has done much to win the way of the mission into the favor of the native people, who inhabit the Madura district.



AMERICAN MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA—ALBERT VICTOR HOSPITAL, MADURA.

Dr. Van Allan was sent to India by the American Board of Missions, in 1883, and in charge of this work in Madura. He found that larger accommodation was necessary to house, the patients who resorted to the mission hospital for treatment. The construction of a larger and more suitable building was determined upon, and in 1895 the foundations were begun. The building has recently been completed, and a photographic view of it is shown. The foundations are made entirely of stone; the superstructure is of brick. Verandahs around the building on all sides, downstairs and upstairs, to protect from the tropical sun. The staff for carrying on the work of medical aid consists of Dr. Van Allen, a dresser (medically qualified native man), four compounders, one male nurse and two ward coolies.

There was no money of the missionary society used in the construction of the building. It is a mark of the esteem in which missions are held in India, and reveals the appreciation and confidence of the native people in missionary work that the building should be built almost entirely by those of the Hindu faith, the same to be the property of the mission board. Several zemindars and one rajah (native princes), are among the donors. The new hospital was opened Oct., 29, 1897, by His Excellency Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Madras, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The cost has been 42,000 rupees, or about $14,000. —'Harper's Weekly.'

The Next Struggle.

The writer was slowly making his way through an overwhelming holiday crowd. A little in advance a woman was pushing toward him. Her arms were full of bundles, and she was dragging a child behind her. Big, red, determined, in her struggles to release herself from the surrounding mass of people, she burst out, loud enough to be heard by those around her:

'If I can only get out of here, I shan't ask for anything more in this world!'

The good-natured people smiled, and opened a lane to let the wearied woman out of the crush.

Entering a court-house not long ago the writer took his seat within the bar. Lawyers were eagerly bending over documents and books. The jury looked worried and perplexed. The judge was evidently bored and irritated. But one man was white with anxiety.

'What's the matter?' was asked.

'Matter? matter? Matter enough!' came the quick, almost hurt, reply. 'This is the greatest struggle of my life. I was thrown from a car and severely injured, and I am demanding damages. Yes, damages! Thousands of dollars wouldn't repay me for the suffering I have undergone.'

That was his fight in life, and nervously and impatiently he was encountering it.

'I am now in the midst of a great fight,' writes a correspondent. 'For years I have prepared myself for this struggle. The almshouse must be reformed from foundation to attic. Outrageous wrongs are being perpetrated in almshouses every day. If I don't expose them and compel a hearing no one else will. I expect to be execrated by politicians, but I shall urge reform until I succeed, if it takes the rest of my lifetime.'

'This is one last great struggle for our existence,' said a well known Cuban, 'and we shall fight till the last Cuban or the last Spanish soldier is left upon our island. We will win or fall together.'

All great strivings come one at a time, and it is common to say and natural to feel that the one in hand is the greatest of a lifetime. 'Eternity is the present moment,' the German proverb says; and it is Now that compels all our thoughts and summons all our powers to arms. To-day's conflict is our latest, indeed; but we cannot know that it is our last. In all probability there is another—and another — and we are not yet strong enough for the supreme one, but are developing strength for it.

The history of every virtuous life is the history of a campaign—not of a single battle. A sterling man or a healthy Christian is one who prepares for the next struggle, and leaves God and history to tell which was his 'greatest.' This drill for the combat of to-morrow, makes the moral and intellectual athletes that the world needs. — 'Youth's Companion.'

'What Prayer Can Do.'

The whole village seemed to have turned out to attend Margaret Mason's funeral. Everyone mourned as for a friend. Margaret, though a poor woman, was an important person in the village. Whenever there was a sick neighbor to nurse, or a mourner to be comforted, there this hard-working woman might be found, No wonder, therefore, that the tears which fell on the day of her burial were tears of true and abundant sorrow.

When the funeral had dispersed a stranger still lingered near the grave, and when it was filled up and the hillock smoothed, she took a young rose tree from beneath her cloak and planted it on the grave. With a quickened step she then passed down the village, stopped for an instant at the gate of Margaret's little garden, plucked a little branch of sweet brier and a bit of the flower which our villagers call 'everlasting,' and was about to walk away.

'Dear me,' said one of the old people, 'if that isn't Mrs. Stainton, the pawnbroker's wife, who used to live at the end of the village. Why, it must be nigh, five-and-twenty years since she and her husband gave up the business and left the place.'

'Nay, nay,' said an elderly person, 'it isn't her. Sally Stainton was a hard, grinding woman, and never had a tear to spare for the living or the dead.'

I heard no more, for I hastened to overtake the stranger.

'Are you a relative of Mrs. Mason?'

'No, ma'am, at least not the sort of kin

that you mean, though in heaven I believe it will come out that we were very near related,' and the woman wept like a child. 'I believe,' she continued, 'that it is owing to the prayers of that dear saint, whose body has been put into the grave this afternoon, that my soul was ever snatched from the wrath to come and brought to Christ.'

After a few minutes the old woman entered into a fuller narrative. 'Late one evening,' she said, 'long after the shop was closed, Frank Mason, (Margaret's unworthy husband) came to our side door with a bundle of wearing apparel to put into pawn. At first I refused to have anything to do with him out of business hours, but he said he must have money on any terms. So my greediness of gain prevailed as usual. I advanced the money and took the things.

'In those days my heart was hard as flint, yet when I turned over the carefully mended clothes, that cloak which had faced so many a storm, those shoes which had trodden so many a rough mile in duty's path, those coarse petticoats, always tidy, yet worn threadbare, somehow my heart misgave me. I tried to fight it out with conscience, but it would not do. So in the morning I rose earlier than usual, tied up the clothes in a bundle, and hurried with them, and some breakfast to the cottage.

'Hearing Margaret's voice I waited and listened a minute at the window. I expected to hear reproaches and complainings, but the words I heard were:

'"Forgive him, Lord, Thou who clothest the lilies, wilt thou not much more clothe me also? Thou knowest I have need of these things. Yet, though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither fruit be on the vine, I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

'I heard no more, but after giving Margaret the things—I hardly knew how it was—but something within me prompted me to say, as I was turning away, "Mrs. Mason, speak my name sometimes, will you, in your prayers?" Till that hour I never cared for prayer, and felt no reverence for it, and no need of it.

'"What is it," said I to myself, "that makes her differ from me? She talks to the great God as a friend, and calls him the God of her salvation. I know nothing about the God of this Christian woman."

When I came home I went upstairs to an old lumber-room, and there I sat down by myself. There was a heavy weight upon my heart. I groaned aloud, though I hardly knew what I wanted. Presently I said to myself, "I wonder if I could pray?" But no word would come. At last I fairly smote upon my breast and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," I knew afterwards, but not for a good while, that God by his Holy Spirit had put these words into my heart, though I had not heard them since I was a child at Sunday-school.'

'Well, I rummaged out the only bible we had in pawn (for we scarcely ever took bibles) and turned over its leaves. I was as ignorant as a child where to find the place. You will hardly believe it but I searched all through Genesis to try and find that story about the publican, from which I had drawn my first prayer.

'I knew our business was not a good one for a body to be in who wanted to be a Christian, and I urged Davie (that's my husband) to give up the pawn-shop, whatever it might cost us. At first he flew into a passion and declared that he was not going to be henpecked out of a good business by any woman. So, then God showed me that it was my place to wait a bit, and be patitent, and to put the difficulty into Christ's hands.

'Well, to make a long story short, Davie soon felt as I did. So we gave up the business, left the place, and settled in a neighborhood where my husband had relatives, who might help us to some honest calling.

'There was one desire, one little prayer that would always slip in, like a whisper, between my petitions, and this was that I might see Margaret Mason's face once again and tell her of the change.

'I could not afford the journey, so I put it off from year to year, always hoping the time would come. Now and then I sent her a little token of love—some flower seeds, a silk handkerchief, or a few yards of black 'love ribbon.' It was all I could afford, and she never knew from whom they came. I thought I would tell her all when we met. I had managed to save a few shillings, and had fixed to come this very summer.

'But Margaret's Lord had called her home to himself before I could see her. She never knew on earth that her prayers for the pawn-broker's wife had been heard and answered. And yet, I think she knows all about it in that place where there is "joy over one sinner that repenteth." '—'Sunday-school World.'

Her Gift.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church up among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew hardly anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him.

'God help me,' his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

'Lord Jesus,' the little one was saying, brokenly, 'I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains to hear about my Saviour, O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—'

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? 'Yes, you have, Maggie,' whispered a voice from somewhere; 'you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, and is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best frien' what helps you to get into the park where the birds sing, an' takes you to preachin' an' makes your life happy.'

'Oh, no, Lord,' sobbed the child, choking and shivering. 'Yes, yes, I will! He gave more'n that for me.'

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hands of the deacon, who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then, comprehending her meaning, he carried the crutch to the front, of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the platform and held up the crutch with trembling hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

'Do you see it, my people,' he faltered, at last, 'little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she had to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord and you—'

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

'Does anyone want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?' the minister asked, gravely.

'Fifty dollars,' came in husky tones from the banker.

'Twenty-five.'

'One hundred.'

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

'Ah! you have found your hearts. Thank God! Let us receive the benediction,' almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair, as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into its close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, 'Maggie dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one.'

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness in some mysterious way that her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy she caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart, then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—American Paper.

My Bible and I.

We've travelled together, my bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh,
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my psalm.
We've travelled together, my bible and I,
When life had grown weary, and death e'en was nigh,
But all through the darkness of mist and of wrong,
I found thee, a solace, a prayer or a song.
So now, who shall part me, my bible and I?
Shall ism, or schism, or new lights who try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread,
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly instead?
Ah, no, my dear bible, revealer of light,
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to flight,
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my bible and I.
—'Christian Herald.'

More Than a Trifle.

It was only a little blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom,
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.
It was only a glad 'Good morning,'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.
Only a song; but the music
Though simple, pure, and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways,
The reckless, roving feet.
Only! In our blind wisdom,
How dare we say it at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us,
Which is the great or small.
—'Waif.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Among the Waters of Colombia.

On a beautiful day in August two scientific men of the French navy, Dr. Crevaux, a member of the Legion of Honor, and M. Lejannes, sailed from St. Nazaire for a tour of exploration in South America, which they have recorded in a charming diary. Reaching the mouth of the Rio Magdalena, in Colombia, they ascended the river to Honda, pausing en route; near the mouth of the Nare, to change vessels and to sketch the Bodega, which is the solitary port of that river.

Honda they found one of the most ancient cities of Colombia, built on a hill protected by the Magdalena, flowing in swift rapids before the city, and by two torrents that pour beside it in parallel lines into the Magdalena; a city almost girt by rushing floods, from which resounds perpetually the savage roar of their headlong course. To the southwest, mountains with steep, bare sides of sandstone stand like ramparts, with their walls of stone, and crowns of earth and shrubbery. Other mountains make almost a girdle around the hill on which the city stands, seeming to rest in the base of a funnel, the reason perhaps for the name it bears — Honda, 'a deep place.' The architecture of the houses bears even here a Spanish stamp.

Above Honda the islands and alluvial shores of the Magdalena are covered with plantations of bananas, which enter largely into the food of the inhabitants. Ripe bananas are eaten fried, green they make caucacho; they are also an article of commerce by no means unimportant, and banana trunks serve for making rafts.

Bamboo clumps stand successors to the primeval forest on the river banks, and the poor remnants of forest which partly cover the neighboring mountain sides are daily attacked by fire. The natives seem to have sworn to burn them to the utmost tree to get ploughland. At night the scene is imposing, the sky glowing red from countless fires. Fortunately the Andes are immense, and their rich forests are scarcely hurt. Further yet, above Honda, prickly pears large as our apple trees, with woody trunks a foot through, make a bizarre forest the thorniest that can be imagined, and other cactus plants bearing great rose-colored flowers swarm over the ground.

A DROVE OF PECCARIES.

From Neiva the travellers started for the Guayabero, which no man had yet explored near its source, hoping to make the descent in safety. To reach it a spur of the Andes had to be crossed, and in October they began the journey, climbing their first mountain by an incredible footpath, while everywhere about them yawned gorges and crevasses. An attempt had been made to construct a road over great spaces, which had, however, given way. At noon one day they reached the summit of the Cordilleras; and from thence every stream flowed toward the Orinoco.

The river was reached in safety, but after their raft was built they were deserted by all the natives, except the faithful Apatou. The most extravagant offers of recompense did not tempt them to brave the terrors of the 'unknown.' And their fears seemed justified by the event, for scarcely were the explorers embarked upon the mountain torrent, when their raft was torn asunder in the first of the numerous and dangerous rapids through which they were whirled at lightning speed. Clothing and baggage had then to be dried, and the strong withes that bound together the logs of their frail transport were replaced. Their voyage in the upper part of the river was a succession of perilous descents of rapids, and of hazardous escapes. Stinging insects, more venomous than the mosquito, often robbed their nights of sleep, and as the current became less continuously violent, the great caymans made their appearance, basking on the rocks.

No South American journey is complete without an adventure with these reptiles, and the scientists met theirs promptly. A piercing shriek from Apatou froze their blood, and their hair rose as they saw him disappear under the water. For an instant there was breathless silence, then a hand appeared clenched on a line that dragged from the end of the raft. This was seized and hauled in, Apatou's face appearing an instant, expressing extreme agony. His faint voice could utter only, 'Caiman! Caiman!' (alligator). Instantly he was seized by the shoulder, but the alligator held him still. Lejannes, armed, waited an instant before firing at the creature, but just as Apatou was free, and the monster in the act of snapping the doctor's hat that had fallen into the water, a ball entered at last. Happily the poor fellow's leg was seized only by the alligator's front teeth, and at it's least fleshy part; a little firmer grasp and no human force could have freed him, and at best he would have been crippled for many weeks.

No further excitements arose until the voyagers found themselves in a gorge hemmed in at each side by sandstone walls. Submerged rocks project in places from the bank, and force back the water boiling and seething in eddies that roar like so many caged beasts. From time to time the raft struck the crest of a submerged block, and was hurled back many feet. Once they were dragged toward a projecting rock. Everything on the raft must be swept off or crushed under the roof of stone, and the voyagers were on the verge of being swallowed by the horrible whirling flood, when Apatou, admirable in his coolness, bracing his pole against the rock above his head, by a superhuman effort swung the raft far away.

After this the Guayabero proves one long scene of monotony. There is always the same regular curve; always the same herons, swans and ibis dwell on the banks, the latter pacing the sand with measured tread, bearing themselves like Spanish monks and grave signors clad in black with white waistcoats. Legions of gulls live on the edge of the shore in the neighborhood of huge ali-

gators, that sleep, or turn their threatening heads slowly through the air, always toward the water, their piercing, somewhat nasal voices, making a savage concert. Once a hole was discovered with forty alligator eggs, and the voyagers took delight in destroying them, while the horrible mother looked on unmoved at the destruction of her future family. A heavy raised edge to the raft having been firmly built after Apatou's narrow escape, there was no more trouble from the reptiles, and the explorers used long days in noting the results of observations of the formation and the flora of the banks.

Contrary to the popular idea the food accessible was extremely limited, and the travellers lived upon cassava and boiled rice until the sight of a gray monkey shot for dinner was a treat. The remaining resources for fresh meat were fishing and an occasional shot at a drove of peccaries. Fishing was possible, according to Apatou's method only on land. A long rod was firmly fixed in the earth and bent over toward the water, bound lightly on the way to a shorter firm pole. From the free end of the rod a piece of string and a hook fell into the water. A bite pulled the string and rod, loosed the slight fastening from the short pole, and rod, line, hook and fish forthwith swung upright in the air.

At length, near the bounds of civilization, Atoure, an Indian village on the Orinoco, of which the Guayabero is a tributary, furnished archæological treasures in the shape of pottery, burial vessels of the natives stored in great numbers in grottoes, hard to reach.

The Indians of this village were more interesting than the people who were met later on the Orinoco, where every man had a house, a mandolin, a hammock, a wife and a fever, and none could be persuaded to express a desire for any possession beyond these!

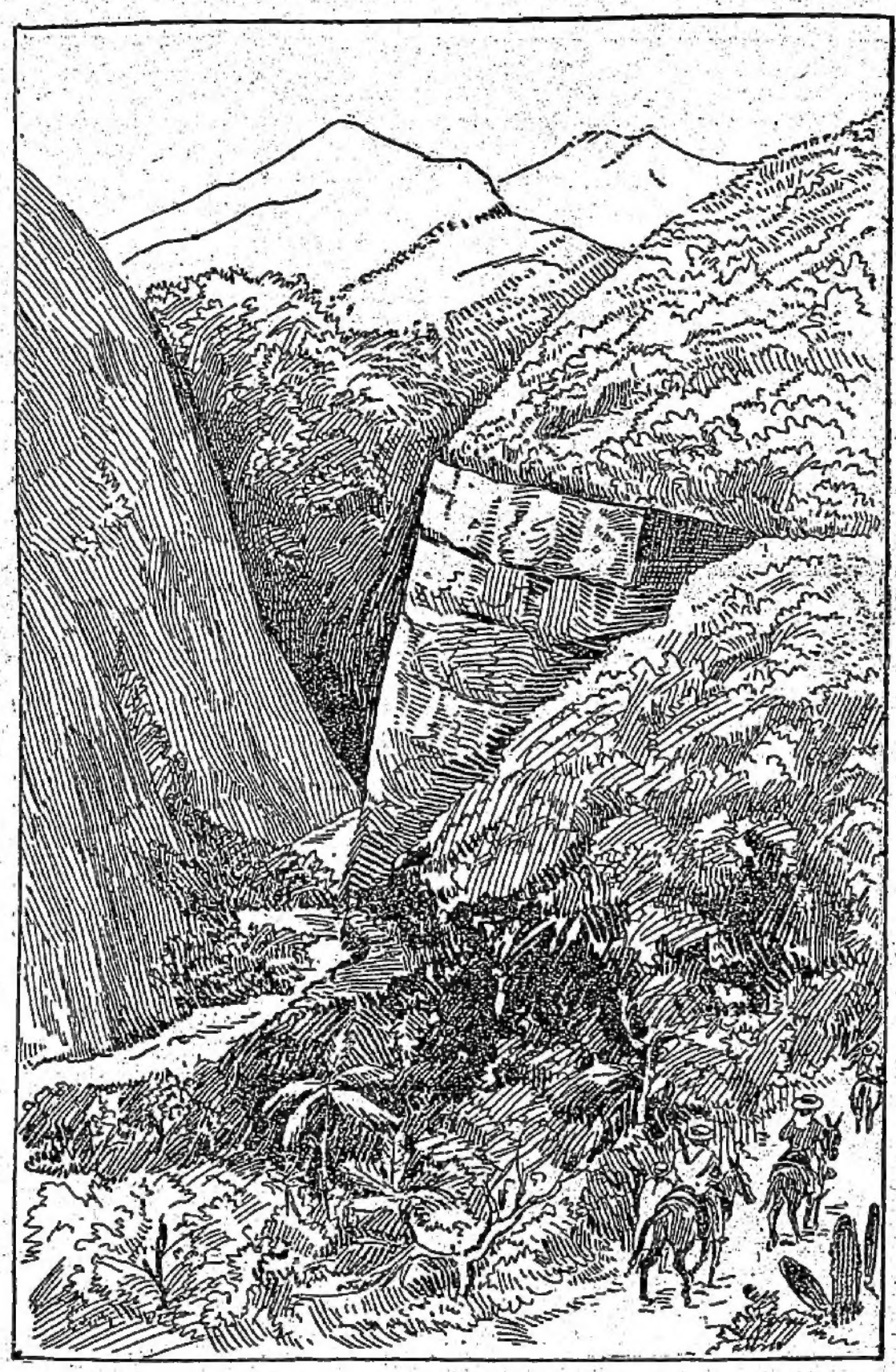
Once the smell of musk announced the presence on shore of a drove of peccaries. Landing the voyagers found pachyderms to the number of thirty, using their jaws with a sound like the shutting of books with heavy metallic clasps. They saw the hunters, and drew up in line before them. Apatou, acquainted with the animal's ways, knowing that on occasion they tree the hunter and besiege him in regular order, shouted at the top of his voice, 'Attention!' and the peccaries fled in terror.

Another time Francois, the cook, having shot a peccary from a raft, he tried to land, and leaped across as his comrades neared the shore and made fast to a bunch of young branches, which broke. The raft drifted a few rods down the stream, some overhanging branches were seized by main strength and the raft made fast, but afterward, thinking he could reach them, they floated on. In a few seconds they left an arm of the river on either hand, and found that he was on an island and could reach them only by swimming to the left bank and working through a cane-brake to the point opposite. Here the stream flowed in a single channel and they could throw their ropes. After three hours' toil he reached the point and the scientists rowed towards him. The rope they threw him lost its balance-stone and fell far short of Francois, who, in despair of help, threw himself into the stream and reached the raft exhausted by hard work and the terror of finding himself alone in the woods. They never got the peccary, and Francois was destined to perish from a venture that seemed far less perilous than landing almost unarmed and quite alone in an unexplored tropical forest.

In January he died of lockjaw following a slight wound inflicted by a ray-fish. He had waded into the stream one morning to get clear water for cooking breakfast, and neglecting to beat the water before entering it, he received two tiny, indescribably painful wounds. In two days he was dead, in spite of every care which the scanty comforts of the explorers' outfit enabled them to give him.

This was, however, the only tragedy of the exploration, which was in all other respects exceptionally fortunate, and in February Lejannes sailed for France, leaving Dr. Crevaux to begin further research. In the allotted half-year they had navigated a river hitherto unexplored, *and they had crossed* a continent which, for want of accuracy among its earlier travellers, has remained too long the favorite field of careless describers of tropical wonders. These achievements were, however, merely means to an end, this being a research in botany, zoology and geology.

Later Dr. Crevaux returned to Paris, taking Apatou with him, and when he lectured on his explorations, in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the guide was on the stage, and was warmly applauded. He was so fascinated by his life in Paris that he would not return with the doctor in November to South America, and this, it is feared, led to fatal results. Dr. Crevaux, charged with a scientific commission by the French Government, went to explore the Paraguay to its source, cross the wooded plateau of Mato-Grosso, and on the other side descend one of the tributaries of the Amazon. Shortly after leaving the mission of San Francisco in March, he and his whole party of eighteen were massacred. As the Indians are very gentle, the murder was probably committed by assassins who fly to that region from justice. It is thought that had Apatou been with them the party would have escaped.—'The Christian Work.'



THE CORNICE ROAD OF THE ANDES.

Mamie.

(By G. de Broke Harte.)

Roger and I are old now. We have climbed the hill from childhood to middle age, and now we are slowly descending into the valley of old age. The mists that lie thick in the valley, on the banks of the deep river, are already dimming our eyes and deadened our hearing, but we have no fear. Why should we fear? The same God that has led us all the way, will carry us across the dark waters, and will still be there to guide us for ever through the fields of eternity.

We have six children, but they are all out in the world, now, with homes of their own. Except Mamie, she is waiting for us on the other side of the river.

Sometimes I think that it must all be a dream about our Mamie. Then I go and look at a little pair of worn shoes, and a curl of bright hair, and an old wooden doll,

with a faded frock. Yes, it must be true that Mamie was once here, though it is so, so long ago.

We still live in this little cottage on the downs, to which Roger brought me, a girl-bride fifty years ago. My home was in the North, and I felt strange at first amongst these slow, quiet South-country folk. Our cottage stands on the downs, about half a mile from any other house. There are in reality two cottages, but at the time I married, the other cottage chanced to be empty. I was a bit lonesome that first year, and used to feel nervous and strange if Roger did not come home till after dark. No other house was in sight from our windows, and the wind had a weird sound as it came across the even downs. But after Mamie came I was far too occupied to attend to strange noises, or to think about being alone. The village folk said she was too pretty and too good to live; but we only laughed, for Mamie was healthy, and never ailed. I do not know if she were really cleverer than most babies, I only know that none of my other children were half as intelligent.

Three years passed before our second child came. Things had not been going well with us. Roger had got into the habit of looking into the public on his way home, and spending there more money than we could afford. Once or twice he had come home unsteadily. That was back in the summer. Now! alas! his coming home steadily was the exception, not the rule.

Baby was born early in December, but I could not get up my strength as quickly as I had done after Mamie's birth, and Christmas still found me weak, and only able to get slowly through my necessary work. I had promised Mamie to take her to church on Christmas night, to see the holly put about and to hear the people sing, "Hark! the herald." But when the night came I did not feel well enough, and the weather was cold and snowy. Roger had been at home all day, seeming by his attentive helpfulness to try and make me forget how drunk he had been the night before.

We were a quiet party at tea that day. Roger, always a silent man, had grown more so lately. I was feeling tired and out of spirits, and Mamie was struggling to keep back her tears. She was usually a good child about disappointments, but this church-going on Christmas night had been talked of and planned for so many weeks!

'What ails Mamie?' her father asked, as Mamie, her bread-and-butter finished, was sitting with her head down and her tears dropping fast on her pinafore.

'Why,' I said, 'I had promised to take her to church to-night, and now the weather is too bad, and I'm not well enough; but Mamie ain't a good girl to cry.'

'Supposing I were to take her?' Roger said.

Mamie pushed back her chair, slipped off it, and climbing on her father's knee, she put her arm round his neck—

''Posing 'Oger was to take Mamie?' she said, looking across at me, her face shining like a wet flower with smiles and tears.

She had a habit of calling us 'Roger,' and 'Anne'; it amused us, and we had not checked her.

'Oh! will you really take her, Roger?' I asked eagerly.

Roger had not been to church for months, and if he went there with Mamie, it would keep him at least one night out of the public.

It was time to dress Mamie. I went upstairs to fetch her warm cloak and hood, and my thick shawl to wrap all round her. But she was so excited that it was no easy matter to catch her and make her stand still. However, she was dressed at last. Such a little fat bundle, with such a rosy, laughing face peeping out of the red hood!

Her father had lifted her up in his arms and they were ready to start, when Mamie's bright face suddenly clouded over. 'Put me down, 'Oger, at once!' she said. He put her down and she ran to me, where I was sitting on my low chair by the fire, with baby on my knees. She put both her arms round my neck and whispered (such a windy whisper):—

'If Anne will be terrible lone-like, Mamie won't never go; she'll just bide, and 'Oger must go alone to see the holly sticked about the church.'

'Oh! no,' I said, kissing the firm, round cheek, 'Anne will be much too busy with Baby to feel lonesome, and Mamie will tell her all about everything when she comes back.'

I threw a shawl over Baby and came to see them start. It was a dark night, and I soon lost sight of Roger's broad figure, but still I heard Mamie's clear, childish voice: 'Good-night, Anne. Good-bye dear, dear Anne.'

I tidied up the house a bit, and prepared the supper, and then felt tired, for I was not strong yet. I put Roger's chair ready and his slippers, and Mamie's wee chair and her tiny shoes, and then I sat down on the low chair and took Baby on my knees. As I sat there I thought of Roger, and gradually my thoughts turned to prayers. I prayed that in some way God would make this day a day of escape for Roger — of escape from the curse that was ruining his life.

Ah! and God heard my prayer.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I think I must have slept, for when I roused myself the fire had burned low, and I felt cold. I got up and looked at the old clock against the wall. Nine o'clock! why, wherever could Roger and Mamie be staying? I went to the door and looked out. Fast driving snow, but no sound of returning feet. I trimmed the fire, did a few things about in the room, and then went to the door again.

Still only the whispering silence of falling snow. Could it be possible that Roger had, after all, gone to the public, and taken Mamie with him?

Half-past nine. Ten.

The thought struck me: 'If Roger is drunk he will be unfit to carry Mamie home!' I would go and find them. Baby was too young to get out of his crib, and crying a bit would not hurt him. I did not stop to think if I were strong enough for the walk. I just wrapped an old shawl round me and went out into the snow. The cold, biting air seemed to revive me and give me strength. There was no moon, but the white snow lying on the ground gave a certain light, and I knew my way well. Across the down along a lonely road, and through the village street. I reached the door of the public-house, and was just going to push it open, when someone coming out stumbled against me. I recognized my husband.

'Roger!' I cried, 'where is Mamie?'

He had been sleeping heavily and had slept off part of his drunkenness, though he was still dazed and confused.

He never could bear to speak of that night, but it seems that he had met some companions on the way to church. They had asked him to come with them for a drink, and when he had refused, had laughed at him and had taunted him with his church-going and his baby.

He promised to go with the men after he had carried the child to church. He placed Mamie in a safe corner, promising her he would soon be back. 'Only a few moments,' he said to himself as he entered the public. But, alas! the moments lengthened into hours, and, his mind clouded with drink, he had forgotten Mamie.

'Where is the child?' I asked again.

'I left her in church,' Roger stammered, 'she must be waiting for me there.'

The cold night air, and the shock of seeing me, had sobered him a little.

We both set off in the direction of the church, but I found that my strength was nearly gone, and that if I went further I might not be able to get home. So I left Roger to go to the church, and alone through the blinding snow, that now lay thick on the ground, I dragged myself home.

The fire had gone out, and baby was crying. It was nigh on eleven o'clock.

Unlike most cottages we have a fire-place in our upstairs room. I kindled a fire there now and made Mamie's little bed warm and ready for her. 'She will be cold and weary, poor lamb,' I thought. But I still had many anxious hours of waiting.

I think it must have been going on for three o'clock before I heard the welcome sound of voices. I saw men approaching—quite a little crowd—but I could not distinguish Roger's figure. Then as they came up to the door, I saw him with Mamie in his arms. There was something in his face that frightened me. I was soon told all there was to tell. Mamie had not been found in the church; no one had noticed the child, or had seen where she had gone, after the close of the service. Roger had thought it most likely she would have tried to find her way home. So all night long with lanterns and spades they had searched for poor Mamie on the snow-covered down. They had found her at last, sleeping peacefully, half-covered with soft snow. Ah! but was it sleep, or the longer sleep that men call death? She had wandered nearly a mile out of the right path. What must she not have suffered of cold and fear, and misery, before she fell asleep! Oh! our poor, wee, laughing bairn!

The doctor was quickly called. He was very kind and patient; 'Mamie is not dead,' he said.

After many hours he did, indeed, bring her back to life, but only to the restless tossings of fever and delirium.

For three days she turned and tossed and moaned ceaselessly. Then one night the fever left her, and she fell asleep; 'She will get well,' I thought.

The doctor had bid me send for him should there be a change, and Roger went for him now.

He came. He felt the little feeble pulse; he listened to the halting breath. He did not tell me what he thought, but asked me where my husband was, and went downstairs. After a while I saw a change come over Mamie's face, and I went to call Roger. He was sitting with his arms on the kitchen table and his face buried on them. It is an awesome thing to hear a strong man cry!

I just touched him on the shoulder: 'Mamie's going, Roger; won't you come and wish her good-bye?' He did not seem to hear me, and I went back, but he followed me soon, dragging himself slowly up the stairs.

For an hour we watched and there was no further change. Then Mamie opened her eyes slowly.

'Anne!' she whispered.

I was kneeling by her, and I took her wee hand in mine. But she still looked as if anxious for something more.

''Oger!' she said, quite out loud.

He came and knelt close on her other side. Very slowly and feebly she put her arms round his neck. Then she looked from him

to me and smiled. . . . It was still dusk, and the corners of the room were dark; what could Mamie see in one corner that suddenly made her smile so brightly and stretch out her arms so eagerly? Did she already see the light and hear the music of the other world? A moment more and the little arms had dropped, the smile had faded and Roger's rough hand lay over the dear eyes, for Mamie herself had passed through the golden gates.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The snow was gone, and the winter sun shone kindly the day we took the little body to the church-yard. Many neighbors came with us, for Mamie had been always a favorite, but they had gone away, and Roger and I stood alone together.

'Anne,' he said, quickly, 'can you forgive me?'

I knew what he meant, but there was naught to forgive, and I could not speak for crying.

Then by that little open grave, Roger swore never, never again to taste a drop of drink. And he has kept his word—kept it all these fifty years.

I tried to thank God that night that he had heard my prayer, but I could not.

Ah! I can thank him now. — 'Ill. Temp. Monthly.'

Jonathan's Courage.

The quality which Jonathan admired most of all was courage. The engineer who remained with his locomotive when he saw that the wreck was inevitable, the captain who stayed by his ship when she went down into the gulf of black waters, the man who faced a mad dog, or who rescued a child from a burning house at the risk of his own life, won from Jonathan a keen admiration, and he thought sometimes that if he only could do one such heroic deed himself he would be willing to die. You may guess from this how hard it was for Jonathan to be called a coward; yet that was the name which some of his school-mates called him to his face, and he could do nothing but bear it quietly.

The way of it was this. Jonathan's mother did not believe in a boy's fighting. She thought there were better ways of settling quarrels than that, and she had asked Jonathan to promise that he would never fight. She was quite willing he should run or row or leap or wrestle or enter into any contest of strength or skill, always providing that good humor prevailed, but the moment bad temper or ill-feeling of any kind arose on either side she thought it was time to stop. So did Jonathan, when he was talking with her, but sometimes when he was at school he felt differently.

One autumn a new boy entered the school. He was a big fellow, about a year older and a good deal larger than Jonathan. As soon as George Bartlett entered the schoolhouse yard he resolved to be king of the place. He cajoled the large boys, domineered over the little ones, and soon controlled them all. The only one who resisted his influence was Jonathan; and, as soon as George realized that, he was provoked, and resolved to bring him under. So he began a series of petty annoyances which he thought would provoke his rival into a battle, for if he could only get him to fight George had no doubt but that he could subdue him; but Jonathan remembered his promise to his mother and stood firm.

'Why don't you fight, and have it out, like a man?' said George tauntingly to him, one day. 'You are afraid, that's what's the matter; tied to mamma's apron-string and dare not do it!'

How Jonathan's blood did boil! But he kept silence.

'Fight him, Jack; I would, if I were you,' said Jonathan's chum, Harry Randall. 'You can whip him easy enough, because, though you are lighter than he, you are ever so much quicker; and he needs a whipping the worst way. Besides, all the fellows think that you are afraid; so why don't you show them you aren't?'

But Jonathan said nothing. That afternoon, however, he looked so downcast that his mother asked what was the matter, and after a while he told her. 'If I hadn't passed my word to you,' he said, 'I should have fought him to-day. I wish you would let me off just this once, for a sound whipping would do him good. You don't know how hard it is, mother, to have to stand and take what he says; all the fellows think I am a coward, and I can't bear it.'

'"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,"' quoted his mother, gently. '"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." No, my boy, I cannot give you back your promise; you must keep it to the end.'

'But, mother,' argued Jonathan, 'sometimes it is right to fight.'

'True,' answered his mother, 'when a great principle is involved, such as the defence of the weak and oppressed. I would be willing to let you fight in such a cause, but never for such a foolish reason as this.'

How much Jonathan suffered that term only a boy who has been in his position knows.

'I'll make that fellow fight yet,' declared George one recess; 'I've found a way.' George had noticed Jonathan's considerate manner towards the younger boys in the school. He helped them many a time when they were in a hard place, and they all liked him. So at noon, when the whole school was out playing, George picked up the youngest boy of all, a delicate little fellow only six years old, and flung him into a great mud-puddle which filled the middle of the road. The poor child fell splashing in, and was covered from head to foot with mud and slime.

'There goes one of your pets,' said George to Jonathan, with a derisive laugh. 'Will you fight now?'

Jonathan walked into the puddle without a word, and picked up the little frightened, crying child, and brought him to dry land. 'Wipe him off, some of you, 'said he quietly, 'and take him home to his mother.'

Then Jonathan walked up to George. 'No,' said he, 'I will not fight you, George Bartlett, but I'm going to put you just where you put Johnny'; and before the astonished George knew what had happened he found himself sitting in the puddle covered with mud to the waist, while Jonathan calmly walked away.

His comrades laughed, they could not help it, as the discomfited George rose to his feet. 'Served you right,' said they warmly, for school-boys can see the justice as well as the fun of a thing, when once their eyes are opened.

George never troubled Jonathan again. But that was not the best of it; Jonathan had won a victory over himself, and many of his schoolmates realized how bravely he had stood for a principle and felt that he had been right; and when their own time of trial came it was easier for them to stand firm because he had set them so noble an example.—Eleanor A. Hunter.

The Sunday-school worker who gets all his help from lesson helps, will soon need help which the lesson-helps cannot give.

A Life Story.

Just a child with his toys,
And he thought, 'I will try to be dood
to-day;
For mama is busy, and papa is away,
He says it is right to allers obey,
And be bestest of boys.'

So the hours soon slipped by,
With never a cross word to darken their
shine,
With never a cause to lament or repine,
And with never a whimper, never a whine,
Much less a child's cry.

When a lad at his books,
With elbows on desk, head bent o'er his
task,
'I've got it!' he says; and if you should ask,
'Got what?' 'My lesson!' he cries, as you
bask,
In his sunshiny looks.

And he goes on to say,
'I'm trying, you see, to be steadfast and true,
And always in earnest in all that I do,
I pray God to help me each day—wouldn't
you?
And I work while I pray!'

Next, a youth at his trade;
Month by month, year by year, just to win
A competence here, and rare heart-peace
within,
'Steadfastness,' his motto, no swerving to
sin,
And a character made.

So a man at his post,
Ever ready for battle, to do and to dare,
To labor and conquer, to win and to wear;
A man whose life-prospects are wondrously
fair,
Who rare talent can boast.

Last, a Christian at death;
His life-labor ended, his battles all won;
His closing eyes fixed on the slow-setting
sun;
His weary feet resting, his race almost run;
A prayer his last breath.
—Mrs. Findley Braden.

The Higher Life.

There is a life divinely sweet,
An endless day of love and light,
Where dewy morn and evening meet,
With no return of leaden night.

There is a sky of cloudless blue,
With sunny light of smiles aglow,
Where breezes fresh with morning dew,
Soft strains of heavenly music blow.

There is a realm of joy untold,
Where spotless souls shall live for aye;
Where undreamed beauties still unfold,
In that sweet light of endless day.

O, soul of mine! shall that day shine
Upon thy glad, enchanted sight?
And wilt thou know that deep, sweet
flow,
Of endless life and love and light?
—R. O. Allan, in 'Epworth Era.'

Correspondence

We have received a great many letters this week. We are very glad to find the young people so eager to respond to our request for interesting letters. B. H. makes a good point as to the money given to missions, our offerings are not made merely to the missionaries and missions, but to God and to God's work. God can use to the greatest advantage even the smallest amount that is trustfully and prayerfully given to

him. And if we ask our Lord to direct us as to the placing of our offerings, he will not let the money be wasted.

It is stated on good authority that at least ninety percent of all the money given to missions goes directly to the missionary. The remaining ten percent has to cover the expense of postage, money orders, receipts, and printing of reports, etc., besides the treasurer's salary, (if the board has a paid treasurer, which some have not). Only ten cents is taken out of every dollar to do all that, and no one could send a dollar to the mission field much more cheaply.

'Sophie' is a farmer's daughter. It must be very interesting to watch the men in their little huts out on the ice. 'Walter,' is a lover of the 'Messenger,' we hope he will soon become an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society. 'Albert' lives on a farm but knows very little about farming, perhaps he will learn more in summer. 'Harold' lives near the Souris Coal Fields and goes to school only in summer. He writes very well indeed for a boy of nine. 'Sunbeam' gives an entertaining summary of a book she has read lately. 'Nellie' is a little girl who was born in India, she tells of an earthquake in which her father's house was overthrown.

Dear Editor,—I would like to say a few words about Foreign Missions, and about personal influence. How often we hear people say that very little of our money which is given to foreign missions ever gets there. We forget that it is not to the foreign missions that we are giving it, but to God, and if he cares to spend it on the way, why need we care as long as we have given all we can to God. Can not he do as he pleases with it. Dear friends, give what you can, give it gladly, only give it to God, and let him place it wherever he thinks best, whether on the way or in the field.

Why do we not think of our influence when we say, 'Oh, I am not going to put my name to that bit of paper, what good will it do?' I only take a glass about once a year to please some fellow I like, and I have enough common sense not to take too much?' But supposing your dear friend is of a weaker nature than you, and goes for another glass to-morrow night, and so on, until he has lost his position, and has spent all his income—would it not have been better for you to have signed the pledge yourself to induce him to do so? Would it not have been worth while to have used your influence to save him from all the misery of a drunkard's life? Think of the rejoicing in heaven over one more soul being saved from the wreck! B. H.

Cobourg, Jan. 20, 1898.

Dear Sir,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I was born in India, and think maybe you would be interested in hearing about an earthquake that took place a few months ago.

One day Mother felt the house shaking, and had barely time to get out before it fell to the ground. Father was absent, but on his way home he felt the ground tottering. He did not think much of it, because the roads were rather rough. So he went on until he came to the house, only to see it lying flat, and Mother, baby and the servants standing by looking at it.

Another time Father was sleeping. In the morning he found that his gold watch and other trinkets had been stolen. The thief had evidently passed through the apartment in which he slept, into his dressing-room where he had left those valuables.

The sagacity of these natives is remarkable, they can crawl into a room without making the slightest noise.

Now I live in Cobourg, and go to Miss Brooking's school, she is the nicest teacher I ever knew.

We have a very pretty cat called Cato, she comes up to my room every morning, and tries to get on the bed, but we seldom let her. She very rarely goes outside our grounds, but she sometimes fights with other cats in the barn, because our dog (Philo) has a fashion of chasing cats, when he sees them around. His only fault is barking violently at horses and sometimes fighting with dogs, but for all that we like him.

We like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. Yours truly,

NELLIE.

St. Nicholas River, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have never gone to school, because I am never well enough. I have a little sister, and her name is Flora, and a little brother, just learning to walk, and his name is Allison. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and we all like it very much.

I like to sew, and often make button-holes for Mamma. My sister and I can both sing, and we are fond of music. We attend Sabbath-school in summer, but in winter it is too far, so we learn the lessons at home with mamma.

Papa is a farmer, and we live beside the river. It is a pretty place in summer; and in winter when the river is frozen most of the men are smelt fishing, and have little houses out on the ice. Good-bye, from your little friend,

SOPHIE.

Glenwood, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, yesterday was my birthday. I attend a school which is quite near my home, as regularly as my health will permit. I also attend a meeting of the C. E. Society (of which I am an associate member), every Tuesday evening. I live in the country, several miles from any town. This is a pleasant place to live in, especially in summer. My father has taken the 'Messenger' for the last eighteen years, and expects to take it right along, as we could not very well do without it now. I have four sisters and four brothers, and all of us that can read enjoy the reading of the stories in the 'Messenger,' very much, and we can also study the Sabbath-school lesson from it. Hoping to write you a more interesting letter next time, I will conclude by wishing you a happy New Year. I am your friend,

WALTER.

Oxford Centre.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years of age, and I go to school. We live on a farm, and have water handy. We were never without good water through all the dry seasons. I cannot tell much about farm work, as I go to school, and it takes most of my time to prepare my lessons. Well, I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and I think it is just fine. I delight to read the good little stories in it, and my mamma says it pays for itself, for the good recipes, that are in it. I took a journal, but I could not give up the messenger' for the other paper. I will now close by wishing all who read this paper a prosperous New Year.

ALBERT.

Walkerton.

Dear Editor,—It was very thoughtful of you, I think, to ask us to write to you, so I am going to accept your offer and tell you about a book I got on Christmas.

Papa gave it to me this Christmas, and I read it through in three Sabbaths. It was called 'Historical Tales for Young Protestants.'

One of the chapters — The Flights of the Huguenots (French Protestants)—told, how many of the Christians suffered for the truth. I think you would like to hear about it, so I will tell you one of the tales.

A family had suffered so much in their own country that they planned a way of escape. They first hid their money and jewels and other valuables in quilted silk petticoats which the lady and her daughter had secretly worked. These they sent on to England. The two eldest sons had already left the country and there remained now the parents, a daughter of sixteen and two boys aged six and four.

But just as they were ready to start the father was seized and cast into prison. It was his desire, though, for his family to go on, hoping that he might follow soon. The mother went in disguise to a sea-port where she arranged for a passage to England for herself and three children. The servant, who had accompanied her, returned to bring the children. The daughter dressed herself as a peasant maiden and the boys were each put into a basket which was thrown over a mule's back and covered with fruit and vegetables and poultry. The servant rode ahead as a farmer on horseback. Once the daughter was startled by seeing soldiers riding towards her. They came up to her and asked what was in the baskets. But before she could answer one of them drew his sword and thrust it into one of the baskets. Hearing no cry he concluded all was right, and they rode off again. As soon as they were out of sight she threw off the coverings of the basket, expecting to find her dear brother dead. She found that he had only a severe cut in his arm.

Don't you think he was a brave little fellow not to cry, and thus save his own life and that of his brother and sister? They at last reached the place where their mother was, and soon after found a home in noble old England, though sad to relate, the father never joined them on earth.

Perhaps some time I will tell you about my sister Ruth. She is such a sweet, busy little maiden that I am sure I could fill a page about her.

I will close now, wishing you and your paper a happy and prosperous New Year. Your sincere friend,

SUNBEAM.

Alameda, Assia.

Dear Editor,—I like to write letters. We have been taking the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and I think it is a very nice paper for boys and girls. I live in the North-West, on a farm, about twenty-five miles east of the Souris Coal Fields. I am nine years old. I am four feet five inches high, and I weigh eighty pounds. I have been going to school for three summers, and I am in the third reader. There is no school in the winter, for it is so cold that the scholars cannot go. I haven't very many pets, I have a pony and a dog: I ride the pony to school and tether her on the prairie. Mamma gave me a calf, and I called it Star, for it was a red one with a white star in its face, and when it grew to be a cow I sold it for twenty-two dollars. I bought a little waggon for two dollars, and I have twenty dollars left. In this country when winter comes we generally have blizzards and snowstorms, but this winter it has been fine weather so far. I like reading very much. I have six nice books now, and this Christmas I got 'Woods's Natural History,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I have three brothers younger than myself. I have no sisters, but I would like to have one, for I think that girls are as useful as boys.

HAROLD.

Aunt Isabel's Plan.

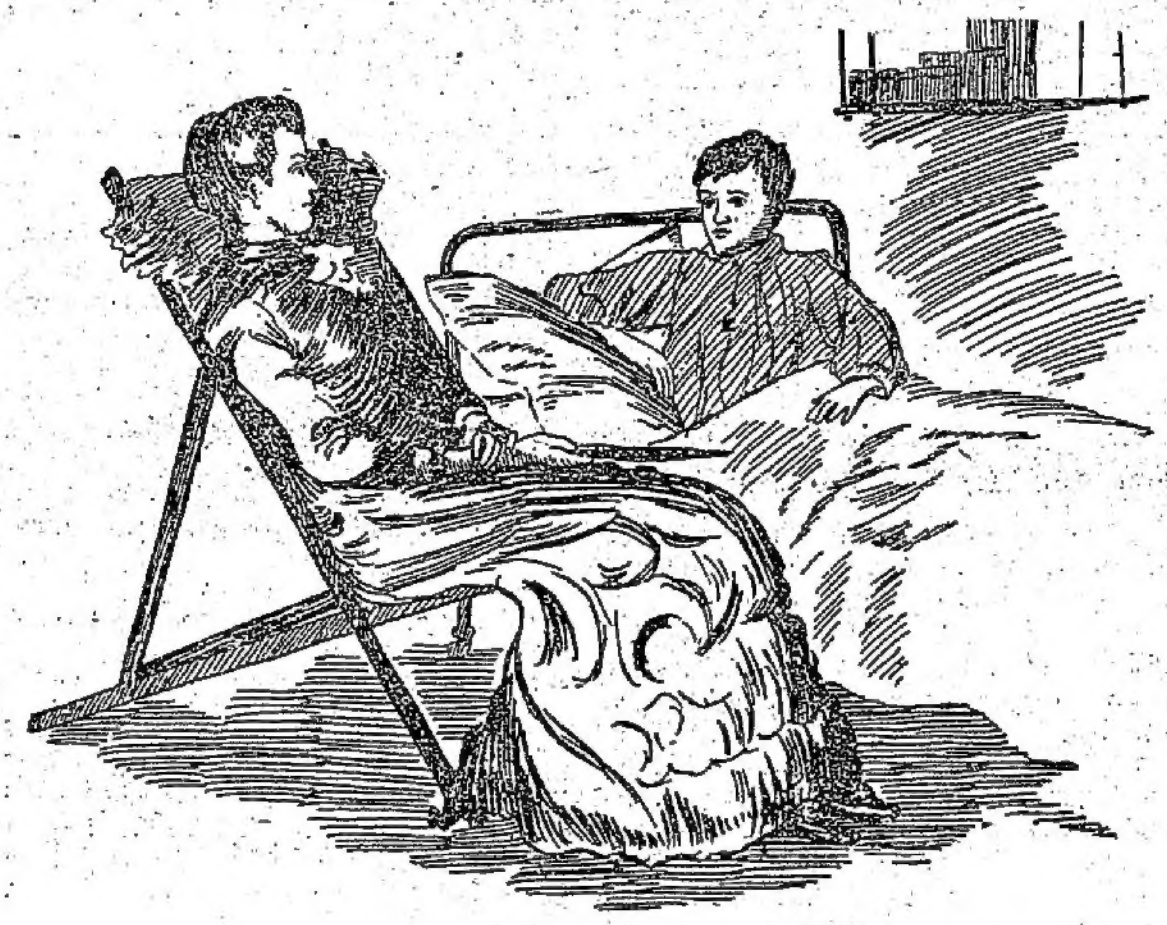
(By Emma C. Hewitt.)

Harry Williams didn't feel very pleasant, for two reasons. One was that he had a badly sprained knee and had to stay in bed. The other was that his Aunt Isabel had sent his mother to lie down, saying that she would attend to Master Harry.

Mrs. Williams had hesitated at first, saying that Harry required a great deal of attention.

'So I see,' answered Aunt Isabel, somewhat grimly.

Harry did not quite like the expression of Aunt Isabel's face, so he objected. But Aunt Isabel was a



'DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?' ASKED HARRY.

woman who was accustomed to have her own way. She was always very pleasant about it, but people generally gave in to her. So it ended in her sending her weary sister-in-law to lie down for a much needed rest, and establishing herself in the chair beside Harry's bed as nurse-in-chief.

'Aunt Isabel, I want a drink,' said my young gentleman, imperiously, a moment later. Miss Williams apparently did not hear.

'Aunt Isabel, I — want — a — drink,' he said louder and more emphatically than before.

Still Aunt Isabel gazed at him serenely, as though entirely deaf.

Harry looked at her curiously.

'Didn't you hear me?' he asked a moment later.

'Yes; I heard you,' answered his aunty, calmly.

'Then why didn't you give me a drink when I asked you for it?'

'You didn't ask me for it.'

'I did!' he answered crossly; 'I hollered as loud as I could — 'I — want—a—drink!'

'Do you call that asking for a drink? I do not. Ask me for one and I'll cheerfully give you one.'

'Please, Aunt Isabel, give me a drink?' said he, in a shamefaced way, and then added resentfully, 'Mamma let's me ask that way; 'cause I'm sick.'

'I do not think that being sick need prevent your being a gentleman, do you? Suppose when mamma was sick she should scream at you and say, "Shut—that—door!" at the top of her voice, instead of the way she always does: "Harry, dear, won't you close the door, gently." What would you think of her, any way?'

This was a new view of the case. It had never occurred to Harry that grown people and children could be measured by the same rules,

'Now I am going to ask you to do something that I think you will find interesting. Here is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. Put two rows of strokes, this way. When you want anything, and feel inclined to ask mamma to go for it, think over it for a moment, and if you must have it, put a stroke here; and if you can wait a while, put your mark, and ask her where she's going, or something else. Then, under the first mark, put another for every time you see mamma called away from your side to do something for some one else, by night count up the marks.'

Harry was interested in the plan, and as soon as Aunt Isabel left his side he began. He wanted a book, but concluded that it was not of vital importance, and so put that down in the second row, etc.

The consequence was, that he counted up at the end of the next day, three hundred things his mother had done, with fifty that he had not asked her to do at once. You may be sure he was a little surprised to see how selfish he had been; for, if it had not been for Aunt Isabel's plan, he would have insisted on her doing the other fifty, right at the moment. After this Harry was a little more thoughtful of his tired mother, and helped her all he could by his patience. — 'Morning Star.'

The Stone Ezel.

I. Samuel xx.,19.

(By the Rev. Marmaduke Riggall.)

'I, "the stone Ezel," am a waymark for lonely men going to and fro. And many pilgrims, young and old, have I seen, as here I stand 'to show the way.' Sometimes friends have walked together holding sweet counsel as they passed me; and sometimes I have seen the flashing eyes and hot cheeks of men of war going forth to battle.

One day, as I stood here patient and alone, humbly trying to do my duty without even wishing to move or stir, I saw two young men, upon a hill not far away, talking together earnestly. And I saw that they loved each other much.

One was tall and dark, with long black hair and eyes deep set, through which the soul seemed to look forth upon his friend, as if he thought that friend the noblest and best of men. And he was a noble youth, and worthy to be loved! His cheeks and lips were rosy red, his hair was bright as sunshine; and he was as comely to look upon as the other, though not, I think, nearly as tall. They both were strong, and could "run, and not be weary; and walk, and not faint."

And as I looked upon them, I saw that they loved each other with a rare strength and tenderness of love. But great trouble and pain of heart were with them, as they

walked together in the lonely field. And the sorrow of their heart did cause them to love each other still the more. And in their sorrow and love they made a vow. And I, "Ezel," heard their sorrowful talk, and silently listened to their holy covenant.

The tall young man, dark and strong, I found, was a noble and valiant prince, the son of our great king. And his ruddy friend was the young hero who had been a shepherd-boy, and who had won renown through all the land by slaying huge Goliath. All our hills and valleys rang with his name and praise for a long time after that famous victory. And his voice was rich and sweet even in sorrow,

The sorrow which that day made them both so sad was because of the great King's bitter anger, against the bright-haired shepherd-lad. And the prince made a holy vow with his friend, whom he loved as his own soul. He told him that he would brave his great father's anger, and, would, at all risks, save his friend. 'Go thou home to Bethlehem, and see thy father and thy mother, and all thy brothers and sisters," said the noble prince; "and then come back swiftly after three days, to this spot, and hide thyself near the stone Ezel."

And the prince promised his dear friend that he would let him know whether the great king would seek to slay him or not. And I, "Ezel," was to see the sign.

This was to be the sign: On the third day the young prince would bring his bow and arrows into the field to practice shooting. And a little boy would come with him to run and pick up the arrows after they had been shot away. And if the great king was kind-hearted towards the famous shepherd-youth, then the prince would shoot his arrows on this side of me, the Ezel-stone. But if the poor king was mad with passion, and wished to slay his son's dear friend, then the prince would shoot his arrows on the other side of me, "Ezel."

And near me where I stood was a dark cave, with wild thorns and brambles growing all about it.

And, lo! the nimble shepherd-hero ran swiftly home to Bethlehem; and after three days he came as swiftly back, and straightway hid himself in the cave.

And the noble prince went slowly home to the great king; but scarcely did he speak to any. His heart was sad for his dearly loved friend. And after three days he knew that his father's heart was mad with anger, against the bright-eyed slayer of Goliath.

And I, "Ezel," stood waiting for the arrows and the sign:

Then, early in the morning, slowly came the noble prince into the field; and a little lad was with him. And he said to the boy: 'Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot.' And he bent his bow, and the arrow came whizzing through the air and fell on the other side of me, "Ezel." And then the prince shot another arrow, and after that one more, All three of them fell on the other side of me. So the lad came and found the arrows. And the noble prince cried out to his little boy: "Make speed; haste; stay not.' And then he sent away the little boy, and told him to run back home as fast as ever he could. And that little boy did not know that there was a poor, sorrowful hero in the cave.

And as soon as the lad was quite gone, the bright-haired young man arose out of his hiding-place, and bowed three times before the noble prince. And then they fell upon one another's neck and kissed each other, and wept much; for they knew now, that they must part, and leave each other for perhaps a great while.

And they blessed each other. And when they parted, and one went forth past me to go away he knew not where, and the other went past me to go back to the poor mad king, I, "Ezel," hard stone as I was, could have wept to see how they loved each other, and had to part. — 'Sunday-School Scholar's Treasure.'

What a Bean Ate.

Tommy is eating his dinner. Where did his dinner come from? Out of the ground. His bread was once wheat in the field; the meat and milk were once grass; the vegetables grew in the garden.

And how did the wheat and grass and peas and beans grow ripe and large? By eating. They also had their dinner. The plants took their food from the ground. On the large roots of all plants are little fine rootlets, or fibres, like threads. On the tips of these fine roots are little suckers, or mouths, and down in the ground these little mouths are eating and drinking all the time.

What you call dirt — the earth that the plants grow in—has in it a great deal of mineral stuff, and the wee particles of mineral, are sucked up into the plant with the water from the ground. Up the stem of the plant this water climbs in little pipes until it gets to the leaves. Every leaf is a nice little kitchen, or chemist's shop, where the sun is the chemist, and the light and heat change the mineral stuff into plant stuff. What was once earth and water is changed in a wonderful way into sugar and starch and many other good things, which serve as food for Tommy and other people. After the sap or liquid mounts up into the leaves and is changed, it must travel about the plant to build up or make larger pipes or cells. This is the way plants grow.—'Rays of Light.'

The Trial Season.

Not only here
The rich result of all our God doth teach
His scholars, slow at best, until we reach
A nobler sphere;
Then, not till then, our training is complete,
And the true life begins for which he made us meet.

Bold thought, flash on
Into the far depths of eternity,
When time shall be a faint star memory
So long, long gone!
Only not lost to our immortal sight,
Because it ever bears redemption's quenchless light.

Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss.
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For his strange dealings through the trial season,
Trust and obey.
—Frances R. Havergal.

Mother's Band of Hope.

To the White Ribbon sisters of Quebec Provincial W. C. T. U.:

Before this letter reaches you we hope that our fourteenth annual report will be in your hands for study and reference. You will remember that the plan of work committee recommended that Mothers' Bands of Hope be organized for the weekly study of a lesson on temperance. We could not secure a series of lessons such as we would have liked, consisting of songs as well as of lessons, so recommended that unions procure the 'Northern Messenger,' and give a copy to every mother who will teach her own or other people's children the weekly lesson. The 'Messenger' will publish two catechisms on purpose for the Mothers' Bands, 'Scientific Temperance Teaching for Boys and Girls,' and 'Catechism for Little Water Drinkers,' for the very wee ones. The 'Messenger' costs twenty cents a year each, in clubs of ten. Leaflets specially adapted for mothers, can be obtained at 58 Reade street, New York, 150 pages for ten cents, or 2,000 pages for $1.00. Nos. 9, 12, 34, 51, 57 and 59 are recommended. Mothers' and children's pledges can be obtained free from Mrs. R. W. McLachlan, 55 St. Monique street, Montreal, or from Mrs. Sanderson, Danville. Wherever Mothers' Bands are established in a neighborhood or village there could be a public meeting held monthly, or oftener, for the review of lessons. Then the children could be taught in the home to make scrapbooks for the sailors, or lumbermen, or help to make comfort bags. Time could be found in the long winter evenings for work of this kind, that cannot be undertaken in the public meetings. All the family could take some part. Readings and recitations that have been prepared for the Mothers' Band will be acceptable at the larger monthly gatherings, and the children living too far from the centre of population to join a public Band of Hope, will enjoy all its advantages at home. The responsibility will be more evenly divided than it is at present, and the absence of a teacher or superintendent will not close the meetings for weeks or months as the case may be.

Wishing you every blessing for all the days of 1898, we are very sincerely, your friends and comrades,

MARY E. SANDERSON,
E. W. McLACHLAN.

[These catechisms will be commenced in the 'Messenger' on Feb. 17. To secure the complete set subscriptions should be sent in at once.]

The pledges are as follows:—

THE MOTHERS' PLEDGE.

I promise, God helping me, by precept and example to train my children in the principles of Purity and Total Abstinence from Alcohol, Tobacco and other Narcotics.

BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.

I will not buy, I will not make,
I will not use, I will not take,
Wine, cider, beer, rum, whisky, gin,
Because they lead mankind to sin.

I will not smoke the smokers' pets,
Those useless things called cigarettes,
I will not chew, I will not snuff,
Nor waste my time cigars to puff.

I will not curse, though many dare,
Open their lips to curse and swear;
My words shall be both pure and plain,
I will not take God's name in vain.

A Startling Instance.

[Copied from Adrian 'Times,' Michigan, Dec. 31, 1896,—Hudson, a town near the city of Adrian—same county.]

Henry Williams, son of Richard Williams, a widely known and influential family in Wheatland Township, Hillsdale Co., Mich., a young man twenty-three years of age, a graduate of Hillsdale College, became addicted to the cigarette habit, and the other day in company of his affianced, while on his way to obtain a marriage license, as he stepped from the train fell to the ground unconscious, and was saved from bodily injury by the conductor.

Though after thirty hours he regained consciousness his mind was a blank. He did not know his most intimate acquaintances. His father and a classmate are the only ones he recognizes now. Neither does he know his home and former haunts. He is unable to read English, but converses when moved out of apparent lethargy. He still retains his knowledge of the German and other languages, but cannot count more than two in his mother tongue, though he counts readily in German. Physicians say that cigarettes have affected his heart and caused a blood clot at the base of his brain.

Young Williams was in the city yesterday with his father. He was as completely under the care and direction of his parent as a child. Obeys his father implicitly, but apparently sees nothing, hears nothing, unless aroused and his special attention called thereto.

When he met his brother here yesterday, he did not know him, and although a frequenter of Hudson, disclaims all knowledge of the place.

Mr. Williams says since the illness of his son, he has heard of numerous instances in the county of injury from the same cause.

A prominent young dentist, formerly of Hudson, has lately had paralysis of one side of his face from the same cause.

And yet tobacco factories multiply, and cigarette fiends are on the increase. Nothing short of prohibition of the manufacture and sale of these deadly agents can answer the demands of a healthy public sentiment.

In the same county, a woman writes me from another neighborhood: 'A young man near me, lying in a critical condition, given up by the physicians, cause—the cigarette habit.' Thus it is heralded from every locality, and sometimes there seems as though all we do and say counts for naught against this fearfully growing evil, but I am comforted that I am not to be held responsible for aught, if I am only found ever on duty, protesting and protesting, this I mean to be doing whether success or failure follows.—Mrs. G. S. Bradley, 'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Rum By The Yard.

Mrs Helen M. Gougar gives special attention to the crime and financial phases of the liquor traffic. She engaged the Chicago Press clipping Bureau to clip from the press all crimes reported to be due to the liquor traffic from Jan. 1 to May 1, 1895, four months, no duplicates or police items to be furnished. She pasted them on a piece of cloth the width of an ordinary newspaper column. It made two hundred and ten feet, or seventy yards. The summary stands:

Four hundred and fifty incidents, one hundred and twenty-two murderers, one hundred and thirty-four murdered, sixteen women murdered, sixteen children murdered, thirteen wives murdered by drunken husbands, one hundred and twenty families afflicted, ninety-five assaults, fights and brawls, forty-two suicides, fourteen women drunk, six divorces, six embezzlements. The bureau read at the time of furnishing this, but about one-third of the papers of the country. Let it be remembered, also, that the telegraph is out of reach of a large part of our country, and many crimes committed never reach the wires. She has investigated forty-three of the mobs and burnings of human beings, that make us blush as a nation for our brutality and lawlessness, and finds that the criminals were drunk at the committing of their crimes, and the mobs were fired by liquor before being roused to their brutal deeds.—New York 'Observer.'

Offensive Smoke.

Most tobacco-using ministers, says an exchange, would be astonished if they knew to how many of their congregations, their stench of person renders them offensive; how many house-keepers open their doors and windows, to air their rooms after their pastor's social call; how many persons shrink from the nauseating odors of the tobacco perfumed study when desiring religious counsel. For, be it remembered that it is not his person alone which the use of tobacco renders offensive; his smoking-room and his whole house suffers similarly. Curtains, carpets, furniture, pictures and books, all reek alike with the foul residuum of stale tobacco smoke. There is no such a thing as a clean room where tobacco is used. Said a gentleman recently: I had a smoking clergyman at my house for some weeks. He smoked in the room which he used as a study; he has been away from us now five months. We have done everything in our power to cleanse that room; but on a damp day, when the air is heavy, the smell of the old tobacco smoke is distinctly perceptible there.'

My Refuge.

These lines were written by Ellen L. Goveh, a Brahmin, of the highest caste, adopted daughter of the Rev. W. T. Stone, of Bradford England.—'Sabbath Reading.'

In the secret of his presence how my soul
delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons, which I
learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither
trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to 'the
secret place' I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath
the shadow of his wing,
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a
clear and crystal spring;,
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold
communion sweet;,
If I tried I could not utter what he says
when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell him all my doubts
and griefs and fears;
Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul he cheers.
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What
a false friend he would be,
If he never told me of the sins which he
must surely see.

Do you think that I could love him half so
well as I ought,
If he did not tell me plainly of each sinful
word and thought?
No! he is so very faithful, and that makes
me trust him more;
For I know that he does love me, though he
wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of
the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall
then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that
happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your
Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing, and the
fulness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your
inward peace destroy;
You may always be abiding, if you will rest
at Jesus' side;
In the secret of his presence you may every
moment hide.

The Twelve Sent Forth.

Matt. x., 2-15. Memory verses 5-8.

Golden Text.

'Freely ye have received, freely give.'—Matt. x., 8.

Daily Readings.

M. Matt. x., 1-15.—The twelve sent forth.
T. Matt. x., 16-27.—'What I tell you . . . that speak.'
W. Matt. x., 28-11: 1.—'He that receiveth you receiveth me.'
Th. Luke x., 1-20.—The seventy sent forth.
F. Rom. x., 1-18.—'How shall they hear without a preacher.'
S. John xv., 1-27.—'Go and bring forth fruit.'
S. I. Cor. i., 1-31.—'Christ sent me . . . . to preach the gospel.'

Lesson Story.

These are the names of the twelve apostles, Simon Peter, and Andrew, his brother; James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother; Philip and Bartholomew; Thomas and Matthew, the publican; James, the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddaeus; Simon, the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, the traitor.

These twelve Jesus sent out on a missionary tour to preach and teach the gospel. However, they were only sent to the Jews, for as yet the time was not come for the Gentiles to receive the gospel invitation. Salvation must be preached to the Jews first. They being God's chosen people might have had the privilege of bringing the whole world to the knowledge of the love of God in Christ Jesus, if they had only accepted him.

Our Lord gave these disciples power to heal all manner of diseases and to cast out evil spirits, to cleanse the lepers and to raise the dead. They were to use this power freely to prove the truth of their message. They were to take no money or food with them, nor extra clothing, those who would receive their message would gladly provide them with the necessities of life. The heralds of the gospel should be a blessing to every house they entered, but wherever their message was not well received they must depart shaking the dust from their feet, having no further responsibility toward that city.

Sodom and Gomorrha, the heathen cities which God destroyed on account of their wickedness, will receive a much lighter punishment in the day of judgment, than those cities which, knowing of God, reject Christ as their Saviour. Those who, living in a Christian land with all the light of to-day, reject Christ or refuse to obey him, are held as far more responsible than the wickedest heathen that never heard of God.

Lesson Hymn.

Far, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost?

See o'er the world wide open doors inviting,
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in;
Brethren awake, our forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

'Why will ye die?' the voice of God is calling,
'Why will ye die?' re-echo in his name;
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling,
Life and salvation, therefore, go proclaim.

G. M. J.

Lesson Hints.

'Apostles'—an apostle is one chosen and sent forth, a missionary. The apostles were sent out in couples (Mark vi., 7.). Study well this commission, (the whole chapter, Matt. x.). Notice that this commission and sending forth come directly after the injunction to pray. Our Lord bids his followers look upon the fainting, perishing multitudes with compassion, and to pray their Lord to send some one to help them and bring them to Jesus, if they prayed in earnest they could not help wishing to go themselves. But first they must have power (Matt. x., 1: Luke xxiv., 49). 'Pray,' 'Tarry,' 'Go.'

'Israel'—God's chosen people must have the first offer of salvation; that was Home Missions, but if our Lord had permanently bidden his followers to be content with home missions how should we in this country have ever heard the gospel? If Christ had not commanded Foreign Missions, you and I might now be in the depths of heathen darkness.

'As ye go preach'—let your whole life be a setting forth of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

'Provide'—this was a practical application of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vi., 25-34); they were to 'seek first the kingdom of God,' and God would touch the hearts of the people to provide the necessaries of life for them.

Primary Lesson.

Jesus sent out his disciples to preach the gospel in a great many cities, He said to them, 'As ye go, preach.' If you are his disciple he gives you the same command, 'as ye go, preach.'

But how can a little girl or a little boy preach about Jesus? Our Saviour did not say that everyone must get up in a pulpit to preach big sermons, There are many people who could not do that, who yet preach about Jesus every day of their lives.

How do they preach?

A gentleman once said that when he was in Paris he wanted very much to preach to the people about Jesus, but he could not speak French. So he just carried his bible under his arm wherever he went, and in that way preached a sermon all over the streets of Paris.

Some people preach by their bright sunshiny faces and kind, loving words. Some people preach by reverently singing sweet hymns about Jesus and his love.

Our Lord sometimes preached just to one person, nothing is too small for us to do for him. We can preach by helping some one, and always by love. In everything we do we can be 'preaching as we go.' Never be afraid to speak about Jesus and his love. Ask Jesus to make you preach truly about him.

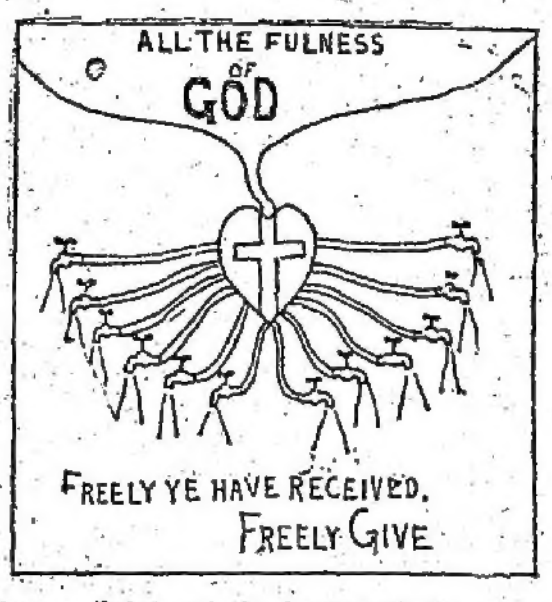
Suggested Hymns.

'Christ for the world, we sing,' 'Call them in,' 'Rescue the perishing,' 'O where are the reapers?' 'There's a royal banner,' 'To the work?'

The Lesson Illustrated.

THE CALLING OF THE TWELVE.

Our blackboard this week furnishes the Golden Text. The twelve disciples represented by twelve taps joined to Christ by pipes, while Christ in turn receives 'all the fullness of God,' and all good in heaven and in earth is therefore ready to flow through



them. Point out the inexhaustable source. Repeat some of the promises assuring us of a full supply. Then show that the tap or faucet will be always full, even if always turned on. Then teach the loss of blessing to ourselves and others, when we selfishly allow only a small stream to flow, or—none at all. Speak of the thirsty lands waiting for the water of life, from the apostles, in their time, and now from us in our day. Make it a missionary talk, showing that 'apostle' and 'missionary' are but two words with the same meaning, 'one sent' by Jesus.

How is your own tap? Are you giving as you received. You can't get more into a tap till you give away that already in. Then show that if all turned off the outgoing current the land would go thirsty, and God's great love be stopped in its flow.

You can't exhaust him. Turn the current of your giving fully on.

You may wonder at the twelve taps all going, but Judas doesn't seem to have been a scoundrel always. When the others went on their journey he seems to have worked with them. You can discount one tap, though, and can show the useless tap thrown aside.

Not reservoirs, but channels, are needed by God and the world.

Practical Points.

FEB. 20.—Matt. x., 2-15.

A. H. CAMERON.

Our first introduction to a person reveals the name, and somehow the character gets associated in our mind with that person's name. Verses 2 to 4. 'Charity begins at home,' and the Jews were a highly favored race during the sojourn of Christ upon earth. Verses 5 and 6. Although the apostles had miraculous powers not possessed by modern preachers, they could not during their earlier ministry, preach Jesus and the resurrection. Verses 7 and 8. The frugal outfit of the apostles would tend to strengthen their faith. Verse 9, 10 and Luke xxii., 35, also Matt., xvi., 21, 22. Those who receive the disciple and entertain the servant, are thus showing love to their Lord and Master. Verses 11 to 13: Matt. xxv., 40. Man's responsibility increases with his knowledge. Rejecting Christ is the greatest sin in the world. Verses 14, 15. There is a wide difference between sheep among wolves, and sheep in wolves' clothing. Verse 16, also Matt. vii., 15. Wisdom without meekness is vanity, meekness without wisdom is false humility. Verse 16.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Feb. 20.—Every Christian a missionary.—Acts i., 1-11.

How to Prepare the Lesson.

How to prepare the lesson is a question continually asked. Of course, the lesson must be prepared. Some teachers forget this. They imagine that they can teach without preparing, or that they can find the lesson prepared and ready for them in a lesson-help, or that any one can teach the bible without previous study—all of which imaginations are delusions. The teacher must prepare the lesson, and it is not an easy matter, not something that can be done in a few minutes. Time and thought should be given to it. We should begin a week in advance, and each day should go over the lesson. We should pray over it and meditate upon it as we go out, and as we come in. We should watch for illustrations, getting them usually from common life, from passing events and occurrences, We should study not only to teach the meaning of the words, but also to apply the lessons. Then we should study our scholars, and find something for each of them. Last of all, but not least in importance, we should prepare ourselves; or seek to be prepared by the Holy Spirit.—'Westminster Teacher.'

Books of the Bible.

The plan adopted by Mrs. E. L. Miller, of Peru, Indiana, aims to teach the name, the position, the relative size of the books of the bible, and the groups to which they belong. By this method a drawing is made on a large sheet of cardboard or paper, representing an open book-case with shelves, The bookcase for the Old Testament, for example, has four shelves, the top shelf containing the Pentateuch; the second shelf, the historical books; the third shelf, the poetical books; fourth shelf, the prophetical books. The forms of the books to stand on these shelves in the drawing are faintly outlined in leadpencil, and the whole chart is thus designed before its use in the class, a due proportion of space being set apart for each book or group of books. In the class-room, as the books are taught one by one, the form of each is brought out by heavier lines made with wax crayons, and, as a book is memorized, its initial letter is printed upon it. Different colored crayons may be used with different groups of books. One or more books may be taught each Sunday, the scholars at the same time finding them in their Bibles, and noting the number of chapters in each. —'Sunday-School Times.'

Make your giving a feature of worship, offering a prayer each Sunday over the money contributed.

HOUSEHOLD.

Something About Filters.

Every year there are numbers of filters put on the market, each one setting forth some special claim to excellence. As a matter of fact, half a dozen thicknesses of fine soft cloth are exactly as good as any filter in the market. The cloth will not remove disease germs from the water, neither will any of the ordinary filters. The cloth will take out organic matter and objects large enough to be seen. Disease germs that must be magnified a thousand times in order to be visible, will go through any of the substances used for filters, with as much ease as mice will get through a stone-pile. There is more fallacy to the square inch in filter theories than in almost anything else with which the general public has to do. It is a great mistake to suppose that the ordinary filter is a protection against disease. It not only is not that, but it soon becomes a most prolific disease-breeder, is, in fact, a hot-house for microbes, and infinitely more dangerous than unfiltered water. It is a popular error that organic matter, especially that which produces green scum, is so injurious. An uncontaminated pool covered with a green blanket is much more likely to be healthful, than a spring running perfectly clear with its headwaters near some old dwelling, and possibly receiving the drainage of cesspools or other dangerous elements.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Warm-Weather Comfort.

One important change which everyone can make in summer without the expenditure of a dime, is the removal of all superfluous furniture from our rooms. No one thing gives such an air of comfort and coolness as space—room to breathe, to lounge and rest, with a free circulation of fresh air. Heavy draperies are sure to make a room stuffy, besides being uncomfortably suggestive of warmth. Nothing imparts such a sense of comfort and rest to a room in warm weather as subdued light coming in through sheer, delicately-tinted, window draperies. For this purpose cheese-cloth is just as effective as swiss or silk, and there are few more artistic or comfortable summer cottages than one recently seen with long window draperies of white mousquito netting. Lattice-cloth, which, as its name indicates, has an open weave, makes delightful summer portieres. But whatever the material used, don't have any fixed arrangement at either doors or windows. Simply suspended from a pole to draw back and forth at will, they are at once artistic and convenient.

If you have not already made a living-room of the piazza, do so without delay. Never before was shown such a variety of handsome and comfortable verandah furnishings as now; but whether you can compass them or not make it attractive and restful, and spend every hour possible out of doors. Among the desirable verandah furnishings are fibre rugs and art squares, Japanese jute, cotton rugs, rattan, willow and bamboo furniture, bamboo curtains, Japanese, Komo, Madagascar grass-cloth and fibre-covered cushions, none of which are injured by dampness and exposure to weather, for the floor, and hammock and chair cushions covered with washable linen and cotton stuff.

For genuine solid summer comfort, either on a piazza or indoors, a swinging hammock couch is in every way superior to an ordinary hammock. Japanese rush chairs are in high favor for verandah and lawn use, as they are exceedingly comfortable, and are not affected by weather.—Katherine B. Johnson, in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

Tapioca Ice.—One cupful of pearl tapioca, soaked in cold water over night; boil in water until clear and soft, add one cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt; chop a large, ripe pineapple fine and pour tapioca over it; mould and place on ice; serve with whipped cream.

Rice Gems. — Separate the whites and yolks of three eggs into two bowls. Add one pint of milk to the yolks and beat lightly. To this add one level teaspoonful of salt, three cupfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and mix thoroughly, after which add one scant cupful of rice. To the beaten whites of the eggs add two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the mixture. Bake from twenty-five to thirty minutes in a quick oven.

MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

SPECIAL OFFER TO WORKERS.

Send two new or two renewal subscriptions along with your own subscription with 90 cts. and secure a handsome pair of pictures, 'Cluck, Cluck,' and 'Take Care,' each 13 x 8, both by A. F. Tait, illustrating the care and anxiety of 'Biddy' and her brood of chickens, or choice of either for a new subscriber and renewal, with 60c.

'School In,' 15 x 18, by J. H. Dolph, representing pussy instructing her family of five—a pretty and amusing picture, can be had for three subscribers at 30c each, or choice of one of the three following pictures:

'Day's Work Done,' 19 x 18, an exquisite rural sunset scene.

'Roses,' 20½ x 13½, a cluster of pink and white of this favorite flower, by George C. Lambden.

'I'm a Daisy,' (a prize baby), 16½ x 13, by Miss Ida Waugh, a picture of a beautiful blue-eyed babe.

MOODY BOOKS—PAPER COVER.

'The way to God, and how to find it,' So plain that 'He who runs may read.'

'Pleasure and profit in bible study.' Fresh, bright, deeply devotional and helpful.

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The Standard Cook Book (paper cover), embracing more than one thousand recipes and practical suggestions to housekeepers, fully illustrated. Compiled by Mrs. T. J. Kirkpatrick. A useful book for the kitchen, for three subscriptions at 30c each.

HYACINTHS, NARCISSUS, CHINESE SACRED LILIES.

These beautiful flowering bulbs are much admired, and are grown by many more now than in former years, particularly when the ground is covered with ice and snow. They make attractive premiums, and were in much demand when given with the 'Messenger' on a former occasion.

The bulbs are a choice collection, and will be forwarded post paid, securely packed.

Two subscribers at 30c each will secure two hyacinths or two narcissus, or two Roman hyacinths. Two subscribers at 30c each will secure one of the famous Chinese Sacred Lilies.

THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

We have a handsome colored picture of Queen Victoria, which has been much admired. To secure one free send two subscriptions, with your own renewal, at 30c each.

A HANDSOME BIBLE.

Send twenty names for the "Northern Messenger," at thirty cents each, and secure our large size, handsome Bagster Bible, free. The binding, printing, contents and finish make it a complete Bible. Size when open, 13½ inches by 9½. Would make a beautiful present to a father, mother, brother, sister or teacher. The book formerly sold for $3.00.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

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